

The TATLER

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THE TATLER

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MARGARET SULLAVAN—FREYA, OF "THE MORTAL STORM"

This film which is primarily based on that hard-hitting anti-German book by Phyllis Bottome, but actually upon the disclosed facts of innumerable German brutalities, is better than either *The Confessions of a Nazi Spy* or *Pastor Hall*—the Niemoller story. Margaret Sullavan plays the part of the daughter of a professor who is murdered by Hitler, and who, in the end, meets a similar fate at the hands of his Brown Guards when trying to escape over the frontier with her fiancé, Martin, played by James Stewart. More pictures of this film are on page 41



THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

Government Reconstruction

IN the reconstruction of his Government announced last week, Mr. Churchill has shown both courage and vision. On several previous occasions during the past couple of months I have stated in these notes that the Prime Minister has been considering how best he could strengthen his team; but

To the Ministry of Transport Mr. Churchill has sent an M.P. who for many years has been a specialist student of transport questions. Moreover, Colonel Moore-Brabazon is a vigorous thinker and an excellent speaker in the way of a biting and somewhat sarcastic tone of phrase. To the average politician the chief surprise will be the appointment of Captain Oliver Lyttelton to be President of the Board of Trade. Captain Lyttelton has taken no public part in politics so far, but those who have worked with him in the Ministry of Economic Warfare know him to be a man of considerable mental ability, great courage, and plenty of drive. I believe that this daring experiment will prove to be one of the outstanding successes of Mr. Churchill's new Government. It has been generally understood that Lord Cranborne would receive higher office as soon as his health was sufficiently re-established after a series of illnesses early this year.



WELCOME HOME AGAIN!
REAR-ADMIRAL SIR HENRY AND LADY HARWOOD

Home again after four years exciting service in the western ocean, the admiral who flew his flag in *Ajax* when he won a gallant and marvelously well-plotted action against a German ship which could have blown any of his ships, *Exeter*, *Achilles* or *Ajax*, bang out of the water. On October 1, H.M. the King received Sir Henry Harwood at Buckingham Palace and conferred the honour of knighthood upon him. The K.C.B. was granted to Sir Henry Harwood on December 13, 1939

the question did not prove easy of solution. Since Mr. Chamberlain underwent a serious abdominal operation during the summer it has been recognized in the inner circle of Whitehall that he would probably be obliged to retire from active participation in the work of government.

At first sight the most striking change is the inclusion of Mr. Ernest Bevin in the War Cabinet. This is a step which will command approval and inspire confidence in the trade unions, on whose effort so greatly depends the ability of the country to maintain and increase its war effort. As Lord President of the Council, Sir John Anderson will become chairman of many important committees which are co-ordinating the main features of the war effort. There is little doubt that he will be better in this capacity than as Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security. On the other hand, his successor, Mr. Herbert Morrison, with a long background of experience in local government, is likely to be even more successful in his new post than he has been at the Ministry of Supply. Nor will he take so lenient a view of Fifth Column activities as Sir John Anderson.

leadership. I believe that for a time Mr. Churchill hoped that the Tories would accept his close friend Lord Beaverbrook. But it has been made clear to the Premier that that idea could not be realized. The party gave full recognition to the drive and energy which "Max" put into the vital work of stepping up aircraft production. But if they were to turn to the House of Lords for a new leader their choice would be for a man of more consistent Conservative tradition and less mercurial judgment.

No member of the Conservative Party

has forgotten that Lord Beaverbrook is an unrepentant isolationist. For years his newspapers preached that Britain should have nothing to do with the quarrels of Europe. Probably it is because the course of the war has left the British Empire virtually in that state of isolation which has given widespread currency to the rumour that Lord Beaverbrook is out to make an early peace—an idea which he indignantly repudiates if it is mentioned to him. In any case his own health—he is greatly subject to asthma—has obliged him to spend the winter months abroad in all of the last years.

Conservative Party headquarters would probably turn to Lord Halifax as a possible leader, while the younger members of the party, looking for a House of Commons man, have been thinking in terms of Mr. Anthony Eden. But the simple fact remains that the party as a whole considers that Mr. Churchill himself must place himself at their head, if only for the duration of the war. Mr. Churchill has been extremely reluctant to accept nomination, but I believe he has now agreed to do so since no other acceptable candidate is forthcoming.

"Billy" Bishop's Report

Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., victor in more than seventy air battles in the last war, was one of the last passengers of the present season's direct Britain-America North Atlantic air service. Our flying boats *Clyde* and *Clare* have put up an excellent showing on this run since it was resumed a few months ago. "Billy" Bishop, who is taking an active part in building up a Canadian Air Force which will soon be giving the Germans and Italians still further

(Continued on page 38)



BOW STREET'S OWN H.G. HAVE BOUGHT A "SPITFIRE"

The Bow Street Company commanded by Mr. Geoffrey Keith Rose (in more warlike moments Major Rose, M.C.) the famous Bow Street magistrate, raised £5,000 in a week to buy one of those "Spitfires." Amongst the subscribers were barristers, solicitors, butchers, public house landlords and the stalwart Covent Garden porters. In the interesting group are, l. to r., Major Geoffrey Rose, M.C., Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Glyn Mason (Central Zone Commander), Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas Moore, M.P. (Battalion Commander) and Mr. H. M. King (Assistant Battalion Commander)

A MEATH BEAUTY SPOT

LORD AND LADY HEADFORT AT
THEIR LOVELY SEAT, AT KELLS



THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT IN
A PART OF THE WONDERFUL GARDEN



A VIEW OF THE FOUR-CENTURIES-OLD YEW
ARCHES — THE WONDER OF ALL IRELAND



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT.
AN UNCONVENTIONAL PICTURE

Poole, Dublin

Headfort, where these most attractive pictures were taken, can rightly claim to be one of the most beautiful family seats in all Ireland, and its owner and his charming wife can equally lay claim to being two of the most popular personalities in the whole of the Green Isle. Lady Headfort won Ireland's heart at once and has kept it ever since 1901 when, as Miss Rosie Boote, she married the marquess. She is President of the Kells Hospital Supply Depôt which is a branch of the Irish Red Cross, and Lord Headfort—who is a great gardening enthusiast—is President of the Royal Horticultural and Arboricultural Society of Ireland. The wonderful yew arches at Headfort are the

Mecca of countless horticulturists, as well they might be

The Way of the War

(Continued from page 36)

pause to wonder whether they can ever establish air supremacy over this country, had a number of missions to perform while he was over here. Not the least important was to form his own first-hand impressions of Britain's ability to stand up under the pounding of the German bombers; he has no doubt formed it!

A great deal of the news appearing in Canadian newspapers is derived from the great American news agencies which maintain a chain of correspondents throughout the world. The Americans in London have been writing in terms of glowing praise about British phlegm in trying circumstances. But they have painted a pretty grim picture of the damage done by the German bombs one way and another, and their reports have been published under giant headlines on the other side of the Atlantic. Perhaps, therefore, it is not surprising that a certain number of Canadians were beginning to wonder whether the old Mother Country could "take it." Those misgivings were beginning to assume rather serious proportions.

Billy Bishop has gone back to tell them we can take it. And without a shadow of a doubt if he tells that to Canada he will be believed. I know that he was genuinely amazed by what he found here.

Mr. Balfour Makes Sure

Mr. Harold Balfour, dashing young Under-Secretary for Air, is also not long back from a flying trip to Canada and the United States. While he was over there he took an initiative for which we may come to be very grateful, although it brought him into rather sharp conflict with a senior colleague on his return. He persuaded the Purchasing Commission to buy three flying boats of proven excellence whereby we shall be able to maintain some very essential long-distance communications throughout the coming months. Our own aircraft industry, for the moment, is too busily engaged on war types to be able to supplement our flying boat fleet.

Rumour has it that Sir Kingsley Wood, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, warmly approved Mr. Balfour's initiative, but Lord Beaverbrook did not, which resulted in the Prime Minister being called in to smooth things out.

Mr. Kennedy Packs Up

Britain is to have a new American Ambassador in the near future. So far I have seen little speculation as to whom the President will wish to send. Probably he would wish to defer asking for a new *agrément* until the elections on November 5 have established whether he or Mr. Wendell Willkie is to be President for the next four years. The name of Mr. William Bullitt, formerly American Ambassador in Paris, has, however, been mentioned.

Mr. Kennedy makes no secret of the fact that he is glad to be allowed to go home. He has, indeed, been anxious to do so for some time past. To his friends he explains that there is nothing more for him to do in England, and that he wishes to go home so that he may arouse America to still greater war preparedness. "Joe" Kennedy does not share with the bulk of Americans now in Britain any considerable confidence that Britain will win the war. During the pre-war period he established a reputation with the State Department for extreme prescience in his dispatches. He did so by always taking the pessimistic line.

Perhaps Mr. Kennedy is anxious to avoid falling into the trap which caught Ambassador Bullitt, who consistently took an optimistic view of France's spirit, determination and ability to fight and win. If Mr. Kennedy is proved wrong in his fear that we are going to be beaten he will at least be able to say: "I'm glad to have been wrong. I never thought they could do it." By no possibility could Mr. Bullitt find himself glad that he was wrong. Although he has never showed any special love for England he is strongly Europe-conscious, and one of those who has thought that the United States ought to have entered the war at least nine months ago.

Mussolini Raises the Price

Report from a well-informed neutral source in Rome has it that Mussolini feels himself in good position to make extensive demands on Hitler. According to these stories Ribbentrop did not have a very successful trip to the Italian capital. His aim was to secure a really powerful drive against the British and Allied Forces in Egypt and the Sudan. This was to be coupled with Spanish entry into the war and the passage of many German divisions to Morocco, whence they could drive down through the French possessions and begin the redistribution of African colonies.

Apparently Mussolini replied that he would require much more considerable German help in and over the desert if he were to guarantee success. He did not hesitate to point out that Hitler had assured him during their Brenner meeting last spring that

he could, if necessary, crush Britain with the *Luftwaffe*. Noting that the German plans have gone astray in certain important respects he may well have demanded a larger share in the Balkan spoils than had been promised him at a time when Hitler felt one hundred per cent sure of Germany's ability to arrange everything without reference to any outside aid.

Quite obviously the Italian blackmailer is withholding his help in various directions, knowing full well that to fight and fail would spell his own downfall in Italy. Indeed, to judge from some of the reports reaching England his régime may already be well on the slippery slope which ends in total eclipse. We may certainly assume that when Gayda and the Berlin spokesmen proclaim that there will be



WHAT AM I BID?

Lady Anne Hunloke, sister of the Duke of Devonshire, who married Mr. Henry Hunloke, M.P. for the Western Division of Derbyshire is seen opening an auction sale in aid of the Red Cross at Hope, Derbyshire. The first lot was a sheep-dog puppy, but we are not told how much this delightful object fetched

no change in Spain's non-belligerency—after more than two weeks of hard work on Señor Suñer, the Spanish Falangist leader—they are preparing the way for a strategic retreat.

Franco and His Generals

General Franco seems to have become somewhat supine and indolent in recent months. Indeed, there is little doubt that the Spanish army leaders believe that he should be deposed, but have their own reasons for concluding that it would be a mistake to take positive action in this sense.

These generals are strongly against precipitating Spain afresh into war. So, for that matter is General Franco. But his hand is no longer firmly on the helm. Nobody questions that the Falangists are the largest "organized" body in Spain today. But they are a mixed lot, containing a high percentage of log-rollers and avowed Communists, quarrelling among themselves and reducing the affairs of public administration to chaos.

(Continued on page 66)



THE C.I.G.S. WITH THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY IN ENGLAND

Lieutenant-General Sir John Dill with General Wynter who is commanding the Australian Forces in England snapshotted during a recent tour of the positions in which the Australian units are lying in this country. It is an open secret that many of these fine Colonial troops have been sent recently to the Middle East



MISS ANGELA FITZROY
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT
IS ANNOUNCED TO
MR. A. D. M. MUSKER

The engagement of the eldest daughter of Captain Oliver Fitzroy, R.N., and Mrs. Fitzroy to Mr. Anthony Musker, Coldstream Guards, was announced on September 26. Captain Fitzroy is the eldest son of the Speaker, the Rt. Hon. Edward Fitzroy, Lord Southampton's only brother, and the bridegroom-elect is the younger son of Major and Mrs. Herbert Musker, of Rushford Hall, Thetford, Norfolk. Major Musker has been joint-Master of the Suffolk Hounds since 1937



MR. ANTHONY MUSKER,
COLDSTREAM GUARDS

Hay Wrightson

**A GUARDSMAN'S ENGAGEMENT
TO THE CHARMING GRAND-DAUGHTER
OF THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE**

Lenarc

THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

LAST week on this page I made some apparently rather distracted observations—at least, an old and valued friend has since written to assure me that I wasn't quite myself!—on Hollywood's contribution these days and nights to our general cheer. Well, Hollywood has twice more contributed, and has once again distracted me enough to make my pen wobble. Indeed, I do not trust myself to give the plot of one of these films in my own words. This is how the programme epitomizes it:

"A year has elapsed since Bing Edwards, Billy Randolph and Dan Crawford, the three Brother Rats, graduated from military college. Billy and Dan are in New York City, working for Billy's father. Bing loses his job as a small-town athletic coach. He sets out by bus for New York, with Kate and their baby Commencement, hoping to get a job as a varsity

Hollywood Catching Up

Terry, Billy and Dan's girl friends from Brother Rat days, arrive in New York. Billy, in the bad graces of his father, is short of cash. Stuck for cab fare, he gives the driver the Harpers' invaluable Stradivarius violin as security. When all is blackest, resources are pooled. Joyce sells her steamship ticket, and the Harper package is sent off. Claire persuades her father the only way to forget Dan is taking the trip with Joyce. As soon as she gets the ticket, it is sold and the Stradivarius is returned. All seems well, when Commencement sets fire to the Harpers' apartment! Their troubles are all over, however, when the Brother Rats and their girl friends, aided by Commencement, put over Uncle Harper's Peruvian Airship Line."

This film at the Warner—it is called *Baby, Be Good!*—is as silly, inconsequent, and goofy as it sounds. Nay, even more so! That last sentence, for example, which reads exactly as if the epitome-writer had suddenly grown weary of his stupid tale and finished it off somehow, is a sober and patient account of how the film really ends.

We are asked to chortle with joy at the spectacle of the baby in a parrot cage in which it has been

borne as a mascot all the way from New York to Peru! I like fantastic farce as well as the next film critic. But, for me, it must be shot with wit—both verbal wit and the wit of contrivance—and it must be played with charm. *Baby, Be Good!* has no particle or trace of either kind of wit, it depends for its humour on such spectacles as are made by young ladies getting drunk, falling head downwards into arm-chairs over the chairbacks, and waving their heels in the air, and it is played without charm. There is a kind of assumption at the beginning of that epitome that we should all know the Brother Rats and their blonde wives and cuties already. Doubtless they have already been seen in something I missed. I can only say that the adult sextet are presented by six young people I have never seen or heard of before, that they are all very good looking, and that yet they all seem to me to be lacking in either charm or talent. The infant Commencement is given abundance of both by Master Peter B. Good, whom I take to be about twenty months old, and whose vocabulary, so far consists only of the words "Mm!" "Boo!" and "Ga!" These monosyllables he has the art to make infinitely expressive.

There is some incredible talk towards the end of this film about the Harper Airplane which is to "symbolize the friendship of one great nation for another." I should not in the least object to this if it were ironically or satirically meant.

But don't let me get serious! Let me come instead to another American film, *The Mortal Storm* at the Empire. This is, by the way, wholly serious, and it seriously impresses as soon as we have passed an unfortunate prologue in which a grave voice, commenting on a panorama of moving clouds, says that elemental storms are trivial compared to those which man now raises up against himself, and then attains the peroration: "How soon will man find wisdom in his heart and build a lasting shelter?" The voice has a word or two more, but they are quite lost in the breeze of laughter that immediately sweeps across the Empire's audiences. The film itself is a wholly sincere though slightly sentimentalized version of our own *Pastor Hall* of a year ago. Frank Borzage has made a beautiful job of it, choosing his actors with insight and discrimination and a heartening contempt for mere glamour. Thus we have that delightful comedian, Frank Morgan, turning away from comedy to give a very moving performance as the non-Aryan professor whose family is torn from him, and we have two young players, Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart, surpassing all their previous high achievements in simple and unaffected good acting, straight and not mawkish even where their story inclines to mawkishness. It is all enormously worth seeing. And it is, I suppose, enormously cheering that America, or at least Hollywood, should at last be showing itself honestly indignant about events of seven years ago when civilized and cultured people were persecuted and driven out of Germany into, of all countries, Austria!



A SCENE IN
"BABY, BE GOOD"

In this film a baby starts all the bother by swallowing a diamond ring, and aided by Wayne Morris, who plays Billy Randolph, one of the Three Brother Rats, creates most of the fun in this senseless picture which made its bow at the Warner Theatre on October 4. Priscilla Lane plays Joyce Winfree, Billy Randolph's lovely "walk-out"

coach from Major Terry and Billy's father, who is president of the Alumni Association. En route, Commencement swallows a passenger's diamond ring, and Bing is forced to leave Kate and the baby as security. In New York he stops with Kate's aunt and uncle, the Harpers. They are just leaving for Washington and leave two hundred dollars with Bing to pay for an important C.O.D. package that must be forwarded to them. Billy persuades Bing to use the money to get Kate and Commencement out of hock. They hope to get the money back on the ring—but it proves to be a phoney. Joyce Winfree, en route for Honolulu, and Claire



IN "LIFE WITH HENRY"

Leila Ernst as Kathleen and Jackie Cooper as Henry Aldrich in this Aldrich family film which was shown at the Plaza on September 20. It is all about a boy who eventually manages to bring a new factory and prosperity to his native town, and is held to be the best part Jackie Cooper has had for some time



PROFESSOR ROTH—A JEW—VISITED IN HIS CELL BY HIS WIFE
Purely because he is a Jew and disagrees with Hitler's ideas, Roth (Frank Morgan) is arrested and eventually killed in a concentration camp—a true story. Irene Rich plays Mrs. Roth

A DAMNING INDICTMENT OF HITLER: "THE MORTAL STORM"

PERSECUTION—TORTURE—DEATH



MARTIN BREITNER (JAMES STEWART) ENCOUNTERS HITLER'S BROWN SHIRTS
The young Vet. is under suspicion because he is in love with Roth's daughter, Freya (Margaret Sullavan), who is eventually shot by the Nazis as she and Martin are crossing the frontier to safety



SUCCOURING ANOTHER OF HITLER'S VICTIMS

Martin (James Stewart) and Elsa (Bonita Granville) succouring poor old Professor Werner (Thomas Ross), another victim of German savagery, aided by Mrs. Breitner, Martin's mother (Maria Ouspenskaya), and Freya Roth (Margaret Sullavan), daughter of the murdered Professor Roth, who is stated to have "died from heart failure" in a German concentration camp. The story follows closely the disclosed facts of many others which have been broadcast by Germans who have managed to escape to England. This M.G.M. film is founded on Phyllis Bottome's best-seller novel and is now at the Empire



TAKING FREYA OVER THE FRONTIER

Martin Breitner takes little Freya Roth (Margaret Sullavan) past the guard of her former fiancé, Fritz Marberg (Robert Young), who eventually orders the troops to fire on the fugitives and kills Freya after she is over the line

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

By BRIDGET CHETWYND

Cocktail Party

MRS. DAVID DEAR, whose husband is now in the Army, and stationed within possible reach, is among the sturdy hangers-on in London. She lives at 11, Lyall Street, in the attractive house that Sylvia Lady Poulett built for herself. It has a big, square drawing-room on the first floor, with strips of moulding like old-fashioned "insertion" across the ceiling. Mrs. Dear has lovely furniture and pictures, also a very arresting bust of the late King Albert of the Belgians. (She is herself partly Belgian.) The bust is bronze, and is really a shell, hollow at the back; just a thrust-forward face, very dramatic and alive.

There were some cheerful people having drinks there last week, including Commander Norman Holbrook, V.C., Admiral Dight, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson, and Mr. John Freeman.



LADY HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM

A photograph taken outside the Spotted Dog Club, in Bruton Mews, of Lady Howard of Effingham, with her dog, who has posed well for the camera. Before her marriage in 1938 to the Earl of Effingham's elder son, Lady Howard was Miss Maria M. Gertler. One of her husband's ancestors, the Great Howard of Effingham, was Commander-in-Chief of the fleet that destroyed the Spanish Armada in 1588.

Commander Holbrook finds sleeping in his cellar quite a happy occupation, and suggests that anyone who fails to do so is "buying one": a cheerfully elusive allusion to the hazards of the night. Mrs. Simpson had exciting news from America. A friend of hers arrived here from there wearing the thinnest, most misty-gauzy stockings



LUNCHING IN LONDON

Now that dining-out is apt to be a rather long-drawn-out adventure, lunch has become the most popular meal at which to entertain and meet one's friends. Our picture shows Mrs. Dick Seaman, who is shortly leaving for Hollywood, with Miss Betty Greenish and Mrs. Stubley Black, who had been lunching together in a Mayfair restaurant

ever seen, and "revealed" that they were made of the new by-product of coal called Nylon (smoke made tangible was what they appeared to be), and that she had worn the same pair every day for a month, washing them herself every evening, without the breath of a hole or ladder appearing.

Mrs. Dear thinks that a gay new plan for tricking the Nazis would be to light up the whole of England into a solid Piccadilly Circus, splurging moving "Bile Beans" and "Gilbey's Port" signs to the utmost corners of moor and bog, and pouring neon lights up country garden paths, to the despair of the enemy and cheer of ourselves. Of course, it would cost the Government a few more millions a day, but what of that?

Fellowship

OCCUPANTS of the War Office sneak about in dread of publicity, issuing communiqués with the utmost misgiving, and lunching quietly near their work at places like the R.A.C., and sometimes at the Royal Empire Society, of which you must be a "Fellow," as distinct from "member" at other places (why never a "chap" of a club or society?).

The above Royal Empire Society has the implied Empire-welding purpose, and an imposing list of presidents, vice-presidents, and so on, beginning with their Majesties the King and Queen as patrons. Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes is chairman, and is often there. There are masses of

lovely big rooms, and pictures everywhere, especially on the landings, where there are some interesting water-colours by the late Mrs. Alec Tweedie, recording her impressions of the East. Also a great treasure in the form of an oleograph of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, in what cliché lovers could call "happy mood"—yes, very unbent, smiling almost coyly, in lace cap and all.

Everybody's Bomb

BY now almost everyone has their special bomb, about which they can tell an exclusive story. Reverting to the War Office, I am told that the boys there impose a fine on one another for mention of these pets. However, I must proudly record that I have been privileged to stroke the still-warm stub of an incendiary, when freshly extinguished by a gallant member of the A.F.S. It looks very like the sort of thing one drinks Turkish coffee out of, in places where Turkish coffee is drunk. Probably it would leak, but might be serviceable as an egg-cup. I remember the litter of such things in people's houses after the last war, also frightful brooches made of gun-metal and shrapnel.

Trade Mission

THE news that Lord and Lady Willingdon are going to South America on a trade and goodwill mission is good. A

(Continued on page 44)



MR. AND MRS. JIM LAWRENCE

Seen outside a Curzon Street restaurant, and Mr. Jim Lawrence seems well provided with literature, judging from the pile of books tucked under his arm. His name is Walter Woollard Lawrence, but he is known to all his friends as Jim. He is the eldest son of the late Sir Walter Lawrence, of Hyde Hall, Sawbridgeworth, and his wife, whom he married last March, was Miss Elizabeth Corcoran, the actress.



FLIGHT LIEUTENANT THE HON. OSWALD AND LADY MARY BERRY

Bassano

The marriage took place on September 28th at St. George's, Hanover Square, between Lady Mary Clementine Pratt, only daughter of Major the Earl of Brecknock and the Countess of Brecknock, and granddaughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Camden, and Flight Lieutenant the Hon. Herbert Oswald Berry, R.A.F., fifth son of Lord Kemsley. The Hon. Neville Berry, Grenadier Guards, was best man. There were no bridesmaids, and the bride, who wore a dress and short coat of Air Force blue trimmed with a blue fox collar, was given away by her father. The wedding was to have taken place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, but owing to enemy action this was not possible. Our photograph was taken at Grosvenor House, where a family reception was held, and pictures of the guests will be seen on page 45

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT—continued

former Viceroy of India and ex-Governor-General of Canada, he is also President of the English Speaking Union, and altogether very energetic and clever. It is excellent that we are competing with the Nazis by making use of famous men with a knowledge of the world. Not long before the war a German trade mission to South and Central America was led by the Duke of Mecklenberg, a former Governor of Togoland, who had with him as his A.D.C. Baron von Bodenhausen, the big-game hunter and traveller, who met with a tragic death on his own estate in Kenya a year later. Baroness von Bodenhausen was a "Black Douglas" and is a niece of the present Kaiserin. An English friend of mine who travelled through Venezuela with them had the time of his life, including a day's big-game fishing off Trinidad.

India

INDIAN problems were the subject of an after-luncheon speech by Mr. Amery last week. Of his interested audience, his wife paid him the tribute of appearing the most absorbed, and gazed at him, riveted, throughout. He read the speech from typewritten half-sheets of notepaper, because his words were to be cabled to India, and a thoughtless phrase or slip might have a bad effect.

Of the various light books about India, not excluding E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India," my favourite is "Indian Ink," by Philip Steegmann, the painter, who has



Lenore

CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. H. ANSTRUTHER-GOUGH-CALTHORPE

A recent photograph taken at Elvetham Hall, Hants, of Captain (temporary Major) Richard Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe and his wife, the former Miss Nancy Malcolmson, only daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. V. A. Malcolmson and a niece of Lord Belper. Captain Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe is the son of Sir FitzRoy and the Hon. Lady Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe. The christening of their son, who was given the names of Niall Hamilton, by the Lord Bishop of Winchester, took place on September 28, the same day that his father received the O.B.E., Military Division, for gallantry in Norway. The child's godparents were Viscountess Cowdray, Major the Lord Strathcona and Mount-Royal, Major-General P. J. Mackesy, Mrs. Roger Harvey, and P./O. Neil Robertson

just returned from America to join the Navy as an A.B. He spent about two years in India, painted some excellent pictures, chiefly portraits of Rajahs and Maharajahs, and produced this enthralling book. He has been painting with great success in the U.S., and having a very good time, too, including a "surprise" farewell-party given for him by a young married couple whose portraits he had just painted. His portrait of the late Duke of Hamilton, swathed to the chin in plaid, is one I like particularly.

Help for Homeless

MRS. PETER RODD has arranged her father, Lord Redesdale's, house in Rutland Gate for the reception of the inhabitants of Stepney who have been bombed out of their homes. The result is a pretty lively scene, beginning, when I went in the other day, on the front steps, where an old man in pince-nez slept in a deck-chair. Behind him towered a pile of elongated white things stuffed with straw, which I supposed to be the "straw palliasses" often heard of, seldom seen, and very difficult to spell. The demand for these, and the beds that are provided, too, is not as brisk as one would suppose, because the prevailing mania for

going to ground is strong in these ex-Stepneyites—and no doubt their experiences justify it—so that they herd off every night, trailing blankets, to the abused Underground.

A mid-day meal was about to begin when I arrived, and it smelt delicious. They pay ten shillings a week each for their keep, everything goes very smoothly, and they have the use of extremely nice rooms. Really just as good as the Dorchester, or wherever the bombed occupants of Bryanston Square, etc., go. Mrs. Rodd sat in a lovely little shiny white room in the mews at the back, *l'été-à-l'été* with the accounts which are a teasing feature of all such undertakings. She told me of the horrible experiences of Madame Gripenberg when the Finnish Ministry was bombed, and of Mrs. Richard Jessel, who lives in the house next door, all the doors of which jammed as a result of the explosion.

Sussex

MAKING, rather deviously, for Rye, I was able to observe the demeanour of one or two stately homes. Knole, where the Sackvilles are living in the "corner," which nowadays seems to be the only alternative to some sort of hole in the ground (the expression "hole and corner" is one of my favourites), spread with its usual abundance in its enormous park, part of which is now ploughed up "for victory." Eridge Castle has beautiful models of bulls scattered about its main entrance. Lord Abergavenny is lucky in not having to pay death duties on this property; he was given a lease of it for so long as there were male heirs to

(Continued on page 66)



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. PATRICK WARREN

The Hon. Serena Mary Gifford, only daughter of the late Lord Gifford and Maud Lady Gifford, of Shrivenham, Berks, was married on September 28 to Mr. Patrick de Gruchy Vinales Crawshaw Warren, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy de G. Warren, of Cheyne Court, Chelsea. The bride was given away by her cousin, Lord Gifford, and Miss Lorna Bishopp was the only bridesmaid



CAPTAIN AND MRS. C. P. M. WORRALL

The marriage took place on September 28 at St. Joseph's, Avon Dassett, Warwickshire, of Captain Claude P. M. Worrall, the Devonshire Regiment, second son of Colonel and Mrs. P. R. Worrall, of Bitham Hall, Avon Dassett, and Miss Celia Mary Moore, second daughter of Captain Charles Moore and the late Lady Dorothea Moore, of The Pavilion, Hampton Court Palace, and Mooresfoot, Co. Tipperary

**PARENTS OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM**

The Earl and Countess of Brecknock, with Lord and Lady Kemsley, at Grosvenor House, where a reception was held after the wedding of Lady Mary Clementine Pratt to Flight Lieut. the Hon. H. Oswald Berry, which took place on September 28 at St. George's, Hanover Square, instead of at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, which was not available on account of enemy action. Lady Kemsley is the second wife of Lord Kemsley, and stepmother of the bridegroom

RELATIVES AND GUESTS AT THE BERRY-PRATT WEDDING

**MISS BARBARA MCNEILL AND THE HON. RICHARD STANLEY**

Arriving at the reception is Miss Barbara McNeill, daughter of Mrs. J. A. Dewar, and stepdaughter of Mr. J. A. Dewar, the owner of "Cameronian," 1931 Derby winner, with the Hon. Richard Stanley (complete with tin helmet), a grandson of the Earl of Derby, and brother of Lord Stanley

**THE BRIDE'S GRANDPARENTS**

The Marquess and Marchioness Camden, of Bayham Abbey, Lamberhurst, Kent (from which comes the title of their grandson, Viscount Bayham), came to London for the wedding of their son's only daughter, Lady Mary Pratt. Lady Camden, before her marriage, was Lady Joan Nevill, daughter of the third Marquess of Abergavenny

**ARRIVING ON FOOT**

Miss Barbara Dunn and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Dunn (on right), arriving with Miss Lorna Harmsworth (on left), who is the daughter of the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, owner of Mereworth Castle, near Wateringbury, Kent, which is built in the Italian style, and granddaughter of Viscount Rothermere

**LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND COLONEL R. A. R. NEVILLE, R.M.**

A blue fox fur with a blue and beige suit was the very smart outfit worn by Lady Louis Mountbatten, who is seen walking to Grosvenor House with Colonel Robert Neville, who played in her husband's famous Royal Navy polo team which nearly won the Inter-Regimental in 1936

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Story of an Interesting Life

THE way of the pioneer through Red Tape is a long and arduous one—whether that red tape be governmental or merely domestic. As for the mind bound tightly in that bright, though bloodless, bandage, it is practically impenetrable, except from on high. For the worst of a battle against red tape



A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

Mr. Peter Robert Oman Stuart, 2nd Lieut., R.A.S.C., who is engaged to Miss Rosalind Pollard, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pollard, of Exeter, is the only son of the late Mr. P. P. Stuart, I.C.S., and Mrs. Stuart, of Iverna Court, and a grandson of the late Sir Harold Stuart, K.C.S.I.; also of Sir Charles Oman, Professor of History at Oxford, and Member for the University prior to Mr. A. P. Herbert

in any direction is that it is never completely open warfare. It just comes upon us suddenly, like barbed wire in a hedge. Open warfare, indeed, is to ask for a losing contest. It rarely comes out into the open except in the shape of a very pompous personage, who either directs from far away or else appears, beribboned and beflagged, for luncheon, and thereafter disappears. Meanwhile, you are left with a whole cohort of red-tapers, who usually love it because it adds to their dignity, or they have not the common sense to think beyond it. So the most successful fight against it is, so to speak, to begin small. Don't mind being disliked. Don't mind a few rows. Don't mind giving offence. Don't mind degradation instead of promotion. New blood, coming with you or after you, will always continue the struggle. And, in the course of time and nature, new blood will always win.

Dame Katherine Furse's intimate and delightful book of memoirs, "Hearts and Pomegranates: The Story of Forty-five Years—1875-1920" (Peter Davies; 15s.), is the story of a red-tape-cutter against that most formidable enemy—other women wrapped round in it, cosy and comfortable. Most dangerous of all, the first battle she waged when, in 1915, the Red Cross was

calling urgently for volunteers to serve in case of invasion, was against—*hats*. Who, remembering those days, does not recollect that dreadful headgear—hideous and useless—which used, with so much difficulty and unbecoming results, to be pinned on the heads of V.A.D. nurses? "A heavy flat plate," Dame Katherine calls it, "made of serge with a peak; this one tried to balance on one's head, using nine-inch-long hatpins." The alternative, at her suggestion, was a neat three-cornered affair which could easily be becoming and, at any rate, was never in the way. It was during these early days that she met Rachel Crowdy, and with her seriously began to take the difficult path of the pioneer. But the movement in those days was young, and so youth stood a better chance to cut the cackle and come to the horses. All the same, Authority had decided that the movement was to be restricted to home service, playing a very small part even in that capacity.

Nevertheless, it was not very long before Dame Katherine was following the British Expeditionary Force to France. Sir Alfred Keogh, hearing of her arrival at Rouen, said "There's a woman called Furse downstairs. Get rid of her." However, he had not apparently yet met the determined woman who will not be got rid of, so it was not long before Katherine Furse was shown upstairs. However, the R.A.M.C. refused to have anything to do with these V.A.D.s, whom they considered untrained and just so much likely clutter; although there were 50,000 in England and, somehow or other, numbers do tell. So Dame Katherine and her friends turned

some railway trucks on a siding at Boulogne into a kitchen, and a mail-van they turned into a dispensary. Wisely enough, they began in a small way. Nothing was beneath their dignity. They became a luggage office and a laundry, made their little colony look attractive by growing flowers, doctored anybody who needed attention, from civilians to dogs and cats, and were ready to turn their hands to any useful occupation, except the entertainment of men friends who merely wanted entertainment. Consequently, they became known as the Starched Brigade. However, they were by this time beginning to make their usefulness acknowledged. As the wounded came through in greater and greater numbers, the hot drinks which this little band of women supplied began to fill a real need.

THUS, beginning small, but making that smallness as big as possible, they eventually found their proper niche in the administration. Within five weeks they once ministered to 30,000 wounded, and Sir Frederick Treves wrote to the Press about it. Soon after this it was realised that those women left at home might also become useful, and Dame Katherine was sent to London to set up a central organisation. From this sprang that body of women known as the "Wrens," which, although dispersed at the end of the last war, to make room for men returned from active service, were reorganised quickly as soon as the present war was declared. Incidentally, just before the Peace Procession of 1919, Dame Katherine received from a young "Wren" officer a letter beginning, "Congrats, old bird!!!" and urging her to look "more important." And this, perhaps, sums up the whole charm of Dame Katherine's

(Continued on page 48)



CLOTHING FOR CHANNEL ISLE CHILDREN

Lady Butterfield, of Cliffe Castle, Keighley, Yorks., founder of the War Emergency Committee for the relief of children of men in the fighting forces, is seen at a Northern depot for war relief supplies, fitting out schoolboys with clothing after their lucky escape from the Channel Islands. In the doorway is Mrs. Smith, who brought the children from Guernsey, Miss Clough, Central Leader, W.V.S., and the billeting officer. Lady Butterfield, who has received large consignments of blankets, clothing, etc., from friends in Canada and the U.S.A., clothed 360 refugees in three days

WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM—No. 8



THE LIGHTER MOMENTS OF NAVAL NAVIGATION—BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY BEUTTLE

The craft concerned in this exciting picture, and which seem to be engaged in some sort of regatta, are things called Russer boats, or collapsible dinghies, and are carried by all aircraft. They take up a very small space, and are inflated by using a bottle containing compressed air, but sometimes it needs a bit of reinforcing, and one of our ever handymen is seen doing the necessary with a hand-pump. These vessels may have been inspired by the coracle, that cranky ship to which, as some will have it, the Royal Navy dates back; but there is no absolutely reliable evidence on this point

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

character, as it certainly sums up the charm of her delightful book. Its simplicity and naturalness are most endearing. In fact, the whole of her splendid public career only takes up seven chapters when, in reality, it was important enough to fill the whole book.

For the rest, the reader gets to know well a brilliant yet modest woman and to like her exceedingly. Daughter of John Addington Symonds, her critical faculties were polished; so to speak, from the beginning. She turned them on herself as well as on the work she had in hand. Widow of the late Charles Furse, the famous artist, her love of beauty



LADY BEARSTED, W.V.S.

A photograph taken recently in London, where Lady Bearsted is now in the W.V.S. Lord and Lady Bearsted are both well known with the Warwickshire hounds, of which their son, the Hon. Dick Samuel, was joint-Master up to the outbreak of war

gave her another life than the one spent in organisation and public work. She was able thus to view herself and her life's work objectively, and the result has thus an entertainment quality not often found in the memoirs of either women or men. So the greater portion of her book is devoted to her private life, especially that of her childhood in the Alps and as an expert craftswoman in interior decoration. Moreover, through the story of her public career there nevertheless runs the strong thread of her life as daughter, wife and mother, giving the recital an intimate pattern which is as refreshing as anything I have read in the way of reminiscences for a long time. Her portrait, well known under the title of "Diana of the Uplands," painted by her husband, adorns the book's cover, and elsewhere the volume is profusely illustrated by excellent photographs. Altogether this is a book which everyone who reads it will enjoy. Of the new publications I count it among the most interesting, amusing and entirely readable I have so far come across.

"Ego 4"

I must confess that I always look forward to another volume of Mr. James Agate's autobiography, and the latest, "Ego 4" (Harrap; 18s.), is as outspoken and as lively as any of the previous books. Besides, I invariably like reminiscences which include current events. You can compare notes and experiences thus, and enjoy to differ or equally enjoy the comparison of things commonly shared. Besides, I like anybody who speaks their mind, and Mr. Agate is nothing if not outspoken. Moreover, he speaks it about himself and his own affairs, and that is extremely rare among those who pride themselves on saying exactly what they think. Usually, these people refuse to listen. Or, if they must, become angry and rude. I dislike the critical faculty which is, so to speak, merely a one-way street, and you proceed down it the wrong way at your peril. Like the previous volumes of this always entertaining diary, "Ego 4" is really a kind of long and delightful conversation piece. It has the war as its background, of course, but it does not intrude too violently. After all, the war is everybody's background at the moment, but the day-to-day has to be lived somehow all the same. So this is a diary of the day-by-day, and it is full of things which, recounted in cold blood, might sound trivial, but as Mr. Agate recounts them are so personal to himself as to become entertainment.

The stage, of course, holds chief place in his mind, and when he writes about the stage and actors I know no other writer who can sum up a whole career in a few words so brilliantly, or give the whole key

to an actor's stage personality, his failure or success, more surely and memorably. His "Obituary Notices" are among the best pages in the book. We are given glimpses of Sir Frank Benson, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Clare Greet, Mr. A. W. Bascomb, Sir Landon Ronald, Mr. Hubert Wolfe, among others, all of which are brilliant critical portraits. Elsewhere than the stage, his own personal life, observations and experiences comprise the greater part of the book, and strangely enough he is able to make his own financial affairs a kind of personal interest between himself and his readers. And maybe he is right when he declares that thrift is bad for a writer's literary output. Perhaps a more frequent use of the blue-pencil censorship might have improved the book. I don't mean in the recent interpretation of blue-pencilship; what I mean is, there are certain passages, especially connected with other people's sayings and doings which are sometimes scarcely worth recording. However, this remark does not apply to Mr. Agate's own mental activities. When he is purely "Ego," he is entirely readable. So, if you enjoyed the diary before, you will enjoy these up-to-date pages of it.

Gloriously tuppence-coloured

I have just begun to encourage a love of reading in a newly-blinded soldier who loves to be read to. Many people often aim too high under like circumstances, only to discover that a love of being read to merely means the love of hearing about one foully-murdered man after another. After which they give up any further interest in the would-be literature lover. But that is a mistake. After all, most lovers of books began with the utterly trivial, as most music-lovers began with plantation songs and eventually reached Bach. It is a tedious process if you, yourself, have to follow it for the ultimate benefit of someone else, but it has to be gone through in nine cases out of ten. As a warning of what I mean—Shakespeare is usually killed stone dead in schools, but would be read and loved if pupils had arrived at him *via* the more exciting tales of R. L. Stevenson, for example. So, to take my present problem, I am re-reading out loud "The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu." And, because each chapter leaves off at the beginning of the horror which is to start the following one, I am kept extremely busy. What does it matter if I always want to laugh in the wrong place, so long as my listener wants to go from thrill to thrill? In that way his interest is kept alive, and, so I hope, eventually his interest in books as books.

My only regret is that I have read Sax Rohmer's story before. I wish, therefore, for my own sake, that I had come across John Creasey's "Here Comes the Toff" (John Long; 7s. 6d.) sooner, because it is in the Fu-Manchu class and as brilliantly tuppence-coloured as its predecessor. For here are the ingredients cleverly put into their rightful order of murders, sickening fear, more murders, abductions, beatings-up and again more killing, the whole eventually wiped out by an expert sleuth called the Toff, who has a rollicking manner, a way with women, and can always make himself feared even in the hearts of the most frightful. And, believe me, the villains in this drama are frightful indeed. But it is all the best of fun, if you are adult-minded, and if you are not—then you will be sitting tense for so long as the book lies open in your hands. Just a thriller could not desire a greater reward.



MRS. KEITH NEWALL, O.C. WOMEN'S TRANSPORT CORPS FOR KENYA

A picture taken the day this unit was inspected by the High Commissioner for South Africa, Mr. Sidney Frank Waterson, before it departed for service on the Kenya front. Mrs. Keith Newall was "in the wars" when recently serving in France, and got some broken ribs and an injured eye. But she carried on quite undaunted!



Photos.: Bertram Park

MRS. MARCUS RUEFF AND HER HUSBAND

New portraits of the daughter of the Hon. Clive and Mrs. Pearson, of Parham Park, Pulborough, Sussex, and her husband, Mr. Marcus Rueff, who is in the Tower Hamlets Rifles, Rifle Brigade, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Rueff, of Wyndham House, Sloane Gardens, whom she married on May 17 this year. Her father is uncle of the present Viscount Cowdray, who was severely wounded in this war and lost his left arm as a result. He ran his own polo team for several seasons in London and was non-playing captain of the last International team which went to America, and the games played on the lovely ground at Cowdray Park after a day's racing in Goodwood Week will long be remembered by all who enjoyed them

COIFFURES

HAIRE

NOTIONS FROM



DOROTHY LAMOUR

This cool coiffure comes straight from Hollywood, where Dorothy Lamour proves that, though her long hair has been cut, she can still wear sophisticated styles. This particular hairdress (designed by Elaine Ramsey, studio hairdresser) is a "hot-weather special," with sculptured ringlets swept back off the forehead. Dorothy Lamour is now in *Moon Over Burma*, with Preston Foster and Robert Preston as her leading men, in which she has a part very different from her former ones (with no earthquakes or hurricanes, only a forest fire, a few elephants and cobras), and in this she wears a "Burma Bob" instead of long tresses



MARTHA

Wearing a simpler style of coiffure with a centre parting, reminiscent of Raye was seen lately dancing *Syracuse*, which was based on a skit on dictatorship set in an extravaganza in which new Ephesus has "Blitzkrieged" S ideas are put into an

AND CURLS ESSING HOLLYWOOD



AYE

rolls, swept off her face,
f Edwardian days. Martha
singing in *The Boys from*
espeare's *Comedy of Errors*,
esque Greece, a Hollywood
er boys announce that
use, and modern talk and
ient Greek setting



PATRICIA MORISON

An ultra-sophisticated hairdress from Hollywood is launched in Patricia Morison, the Paramount star playing opposite Fred MacMurray in *Rangers of Fortune*. Betty Brewer, aged 13, one of Hollywood's latest discoveries, is also in this film. This coiffure, intended for the most exotic type, stresses a sleek, siren effect, with the low coil of hair arranged on the back. The black velvet dress has exactly the right neckline for this style of doing the hair. Patricia Morison was seen in *Untamed*, based on Sinclair Lewis's novel, "Mantrap," an eternal-triangle story with Akim Tamiroff and Ray Milland

THE SOLDIERS RUN A GOOD DOG-RACING MEETING SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

RUNNERS FOR THE FIRST RACE: THE COMMANDING OFFICER IS SEEN ON THE LEFT OF THE LINE

A regimental greyhound race-meeting is unique in the annals of the British Army. The one shown in our pictures is run by a well-known regiment stationed in a very beautiful part of England. It takes place every Sunday, and is a roaring success with the troops and with everyone in the neighbourhood. Amongst the spectators seen on the right is the Duke of Portland, a well-known figure on the Turf, and the owner of two Derby winners, "Ayrshire" (1888) and "Donovan" (1889), but this was his first visit to a dog-racing meeting



SOME OF THE DISTINGUISHED SPECTATORS. AIR COMMODORE SYDNEY SMITH, THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, LIEUT.-COL. MCCORQUODALE, AND THE PROVOST-MARSHAL OF NARVIK

(ON LEFT) THE COMMANDING OFFICER, LADY ANNE CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, LADY PEGGY CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, AND EARL MANVERS

The C.O. is seen talking to the two granddaughters of the Duke of Portland, their father being the Marquess of Titchfield, and their mother a daughter of the late Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox. The hare is towed round a 400-yard horseshoe track by cocking a motor on a jack, and this ingenious method seems as good as any other. Crowds from all the countryside turn up at these meetings, the attendance on some occasions having reached 2000 people, including some on horses. The financial result of all this, with the aid of a Tote and local bookies, is being a great help to the regimental funds



Miss Compton Collier

A SMILING LITTLE HEIR
AND
HIS BEAUTIFUL MOTHER
LADY LYELL AND THE HON. CHARLES

Lord and Lady Lyell's little son was born on March 27, 1939, and christened Charles, as have been all the male heirs in the family for six generations. Lord Lyell is in the Brigade of Guards and succeeded to the title in 1926 on the death of his grandfather. The family seat is, Kinnordy, Kirriemuir, Angus. Lady Lyell is the former Miss Sophia Trafford and is a daughter of Major and Lady Elizabeth Trafford, who is an aunt of the Earl of Abingdon. Major S. W. J. Trafford was formerly in the Rifle Brigade

THE TATLER
AT
THE THEATRE

A FAMOUS THEATRE

By ANTHONY COOKMAN

WELL, if not yet famous, the Windmill will be. *Chu Chin Chow* made theatrical history in the last war by running for one forgets how many nights. The Windmill, home of non-stop revue, makes that seem a comparatively easy feat by running blithely on through one forgets how many days of *Blitzkrieg*. Its intention, the management resolutely declares, is to continue running; and I have no doubt that if the worst ever came to the worst Macaulay's New Zealander, sketching the ruins of London from a broken arch of Waterloo Bridge, would catch a glimpse of its sails revolving behind what remained of Shaftesbury Avenue. For Mr. Van Damm is a man of spirit, and

and perhaps by those who, like the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, were easily pleased, but be that as it may. The fact remains that it was exceedingly pleasant in those bleak days to be one of an audience laughing at something, and we were exceedingly grateful to entertainers who were taking risks that we might have something to laugh at.

For though the show ended an hour before the barrage was expected to open, the entertainers could not, as we could, leave when we judged it wise to leave, nor could they count absolutely on Teutonic punctuality. What of that in a world like this? Their dressing-rooms were, provided with

of their patrons who had decided, for one reason or another, to rough it for the night in the luxurious underground lounge. But most of the early-evening audiences got away in time to join in the pre-barrage flurry of outward-bound traffic.

Their nights were all the pleasanter, or the more easily borne, for the hour or two of relaxation provided for them by *Revueville* 137. These shows have gradually changed their character as one succeeded another. Comedy, which used to be their strong point, is now almost their weakest, though Mr. Lesley Osmond and Mr. Billy Holmes tap out several amusing things



CARRYING ON: REVUEVILLE NO. 137

Nothing daunts the Windmill Theatre, and above is a scene in the "Hoop-La!" ballet, in which Beatrice Appleyard, George Gray, and the Windmill Girls are seen



FIESTA ARGENTINA AT THE WINDMILL

The finale in this attractive ballet number in *Revueville* No. 137 at the little Windmill Theatre, which, bombs or no bombs, continues to give its patrons a rattling good show

his company are worthy of him. They may not be a bunch of geniuses, but they kept open the only theatre left open in the West End during the first few weeks of the bombing, and even the critic, accustomed to scoff at the simplicities of non-stop revue, feels his heart go helplessly out to such entertainers.

It seems at the moment of writing that other theatres, the Vaudeville for one and the Strand for another, are to follow the Windmill's example. The more the merrier; yet, however many of them there may be, they cannot jump the claim of this little non-stop theatre to have stood alone in the breach through the three weeks or so which shattered London entertainment. How pleasant it will be to see a full-length play again, but audiences who go to other theatres as and when they reopen will hardly recapture the peculiar thrill of dropping in to the Windmill on any of those afternoons or early evenings when it was the only oasis in the desert. The tiny auditorium was nearly always full,

mattresses; where they worked they dined; where they dined they could sleep; and before sleeping they were always ready to start up an impromptu concert for any

with their feet, and Mr. Teddy Williams and Mr. Eric Woodburn both give the impression that they are a deal funnier than the sketches which hold them down by the leg.



HOW THE WINDMILL GIRLS SLEEP

A behind-the-scenes wartime picture at the Windmill Theatre. The girls sleep in an air-raid shelter dressing-room, secure from sirens and bombs. They also live in the theatre, which is a regular home from home

Dancing is the chief charm of *Revueville*, and much of it in the present edition reaches a tolerably high standard. Miss Beatrice Appleyard dances with genuine vitality and a most taking vivacity in "Hoop-La!", a little circus ballet of her own devising, and Mr. Billy Holmes and Mr. Roy Davenport, supported by a lively set of Windmill Girls, give grace to a well-arranged spectacle designed to evoke the familiar spirit of a vanished Vienna. The Windmill Girls have several pretty spectacular pieces, and whether they are spirits of the wave or of a tropical night, or merely the spirit of non-stop revue, they fill the bill to admiration. I need not pretend that these good things add up into first-rate entertainment. It is simple, honest stuff; it is all we have and we are lucky to have it.

A MURDER HUNT
AND HOW
GORDON HARKER
TURNED SLEUTH:
"SALOON BAR"
FILMED



ELIZABETH ALLAN (QUEENIE,
THE ACCUSED MAN'S SWEETIE)



ANNA KONSTAM, ONE OF THE
BELLES OF THE BAR



JUDY CAMPBELL AS THE LOVELY DORIS AND (BELOW)
MERVYN JOHNS (MR. WICKERS), GORDON HARKER
(JOE HARRIS), AND JOYCE BARBOUR (SALLY)

This excellent murder story, based on that good play which so many of us saw at Wyndham's last December, when the war was more or less young and the night raids had not started, made its film appearance at the Gaumont Theatre on Friday last, October 4, and is certain to be as popular a success as the play, especially as Gordon Harker is in his original part of Joe Harris, amateur sleuth who saves the neck of an innocent man and tracks down the real murderer, the meanest drinker in all the merry company which patronises the bar of the "Cap and Bells" pub. In one of the pictures on this page Joe may be seen expounding his ideas upon how

silly the police are to have picked on the wrong man to the admiring Mr. Wickers (Mervyn Johns, who, incidentally, was also in the play cast) and the equally impressed Sally (Joyce Barbour). Elizabeth Allan has the part of Queenie, which in the play was taken by Leueen MacGrath, and Judy Campbell is cast for Doris, another of the Belles of the Bar. Many have seen her in a very different kind of part quite recently, the wife in that fine film, *Convoy*, and also have heard her sing "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" in the revue *New Faces*, at the Comedy, which, like most of the other London entertainments, is temporarily held up



PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

THE Berliner *Angriff*, which appears to be the German paper chiefly terrified of the R.A.F., presents us with this—

But there is no pardoning intentional attacks on women, children, workers and the aged. The German people can hack to mince meat any opponent when they want to. Now they do want to. The revenge the Germans will take on England will inspire fear for all future time.

The first sentence everyone in this country heartily endorses. As to the rest, let us present the acutely alarmed Herr Doktor Göbbels with a quotation from a somewhat well-known work called "Paradise Regained." It runs thuswise—

For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.

EVERY war from the days of Alexander onwards has produced its egoists. Last time we had the gentleman who was so fond of talking about *Ich und Gott*; this time there are one or two who would like you to believe that it was "Me and Gort" who did Dunkirk, and that "Me and Brooke" are going to do the rest. We also have with us the same Bill Adams who won the Battle of Waterloo.

What the butler told the cook is no more evidence than "She sez to me, 'Mrs. Bunion,' she sez, 'my Alfie told 'is sister . . .'" and any counsel who knows his job at once stops the witness and assures her that she must not tell him what Mrs. Bunion said or what even the most respectable butler may have imparted as his implicit belief to even the comeliest of cooks. There is nothing quite so dangerous as bad intelligence.

A great specialist on this particular subject (Von Clausewitz) wrote, "Intelligence of the enemy is the basis of all ideas and actions in war." Another authority, Frederick the Great, wrote, "If we always

knew the enemy's intentions beforehand, we should always, even with inferior forces, be superior to him" ("General-Principia vom Kriege, 1753"); and again, Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz:—"As the physician bases his diagnosis less on the patient's symptoms than on his general physical and mental condition, so also must the general be capable of forming his opinion of the enemy on a combination of signs." The signs must be definite. The law of probability must never be disregarded. The great fundamental is, however, that

reference, for anyone interested, is the information after Ligny.

WE are concentrating on essentials whilst our enemy is hitting wildly. If this were a boxing match there would be no doubt in the minds of anyone in a ringside seat as to which man was doing most damage. When Bob Fitzsimmons fought Pompadour Jim Corbett, and at one time seemed to be taking more punishment than she thought was good for him, the devoted Mrs. Fitzsimmons yelled in lusty but ladylike tones, "It 'im in the slats, Bob!" meaning, focus on his middle piece. It was sound advice. It is a sheer waste of time hitting the other chap's nose and mouth, and of about as much use as punching his gloves. There are only two spots that matter—one the "mark," i.e., the solar plexus, and the other the "point," that place on the left chin which concusses the brain and puts the enemy down for the count. Everything else is more rather than less a waste of time and energy. At the moment we are very busy on the "mark"; the other one is to come, and the moment for it may not be so far away as some of us may be inclined to think.



"CUTTING A VOLUNTARY"

That is the loose way in which one of the most involuntary acts in the whole art of equestration is described. Culprit, "Black Bess"; scene, a Remount Depot somewhere in England

information must not be of the butler told the cook order. Positive or negative, it must be definite; and incidentally the negative quite often materially enhances the value of the positive. It is quite unnecessary to stress the detail of a recent glaring example which bears out all the foregoing to the letter. One of the world's decisive battles would have gone the other way if the generalissimo had not been supplied with faulty information. The

IT is understood from information received from a Sure Hand that the decision to give our Judiciary shorter hours of work as on and from October 14 is not considered to be sufficiently far-reaching. Certain persons who impose a great deal of work upon our judges and juries, to say nothing of prosecuting counsel, think that our courts should be given a holiday at least for the duration, as the current catch-phrase goes. These persons also believe that the police, especially the C.I.D., are terribly overworked, and that it would be doing the decent thing to give the whole lot of them a big spot of long leave. "We may be pinchers by trade," say they, "but our hearts are as soft as an over-ripe tomato."



OFFICERS OF AN R.A.S.C. DIVISIONAL UNIT

W. Dennis Moss

A group taken recently at a spot which it is almost unnecessary to name, because all units, whatever their particular trade, are now stationed there. It is in Somewhereshire

The names in the picture are: (back row, standing) 2nd Lieuts. G. G. Pierce, J. S. Allcard, V. R. Coates, J. Knowles, J. C. Atken, V. G. Stantin-Field, P. De La Haye, J. A. Jewson, H. H. Thackthwaite, R. T. East; (second row, standing) 2nd Lieuts. J. R. Saynor, H. G. Winterton, Lieut. G. J. Frampton, 2nd Lieut. E. T. Mitchell, Captain D. A. Knights, Captain H. R. Hart, Lieut. M. R. Joseph, R.A.M.C., Captains H. T. Wheeler, R. T. Couzens, R. A. Gorse, 2nd Lieuts. F. M. Cubitt, L. A. Cardy, C. H. Page, E. S. Goodall; (seated) Captains P. E. Brunt, H. D. Gosnells, G. W. Cole, D. S. Ship, P. B. Huxham, Major G. L. Garratt, Major A. K. Woods, Lieut.-Colonel H. B. B. Butler, O.B.E., Major H. M. Peacock, Major I. S. Bissett, Captains H. E. M. Fairlex, L. E. F. Hubert, N. W. T. Hill, E. Sombes, B. B. Kyle



MRS. PETER RAWLINSON AND LADY PRICHARD-JONES

Both young-marrieds, Mrs. Rawlinson, the former Miss Haidée Kavanagh, having married Mr. Peter Rawlinson, who is in the Brigade of Guards. Lady Prichard-Jones was Miss Heather Nugent



SOME MORE OF THE AUDIENCE

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Andrew Knowles, he having rejoined his cavalry regiment and lost an eye in action, with Mr. Tom Fleming, a prominent Irish racing official



KEEPING THEIR EYES ON 'EM

Miss Betty Laidlaw, daughter of the renowned "T. K.," and Lady Brooke, wife of Sir Francis, of Kildare Hunt fame, and their only daughter Alma, who rides so extremely well. Sir Francis Brooke was one of the Committee hunting the Kildare

IN DUBLIN'S FAMOUS PLAY-SPOT: AT A PHENIX PARK RACE MEETING



YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS

Lord Granard's younger son, the Hon. John Forbes, and Miss Joan Smith, very intent upon something, probably the next winner. The Hon. John Forbes is up at that great seat of erudition, T.C.D.



MISS INGRID MACDERMOT AND H.E. DAVID GRAY (U.S.A. MINISTER)

Miss MacDermot is a daughter of Mr. Harry MacDermot, and a niece of the Prince of Coolavin, holder of one of the most ancient titles in Ireland. Mr. David Gray is an author, as well as being a diplomat and a very popular personality in Dublin society, both official and otherwise



A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

Miss Peggy Myerscough and Lieut. Monty Slattery, R.A.M.C., whose engagement has been announced. Miss Myerscough's father, Mr. Fred Myerscough, is the well-known Irish owner, breeder and trainer of bloodstock

Poole, Dublin

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

TWO doting mothers were discussing their children, evacuated since the outbreak of war.

"It's so dull without my little boy," sighed one. "I haven't got used to the quiet of the house yet. And I was reading in the papers that the war might last forty years."

"What!" gasped the other in dismay. "Then my Betty will be fifty-one by the time she gets home!"

IN a certain Californian town a wife appeared in court and requested a divorce. She charged cruelty.

"Your Honour," she sobbed, "we were playing bridge at home one night with some friends. Right in the middle of the game my husband jumped up and dropped a lighted cigarette down the back of my dress!"

The judge stiffened. He turned to the husband.

"You have heard your wife's charges," he frowned. "What have you to say for yourself—if anything?"

The husband looked the judge squarely in the eye.

"All I can say, your Honour," he asserted, "is that I love my wife very dearly."

The judge blinked.

"You love your wife very dearly!" he repeated incredulously. "Then how is it that you drop lighted cigarettes down her back. Haven't you any ash-trays in your house?"

The husband hung his head.

"Yes, your Honour," he admitted. "But none of them is as pretty as my wife!"

HE had had a few "appetisers" and was trying to enter the restaurant *via* the revolving door. Each time he went right round and finished up in the street. At last he sat down on the ground outside and endeavoured to work things out.

A few moments later a man passed him. The door swung round—and a young lady walked out.

The man on the ground was distinctly puzzled.

"What beats me," he murmured to himself, "is what the dickens he did with his clothes."

THE young man about town returned to his flat after having lunched well.

As soon as he entered he was met by his valet.

"Well, Beeves," he said, "and what is it now?"

"Pardon me, sir," said the valet, "a man wishes to see you. Looks like a man with a bill."

The other looked wonderingly at the man.

"Man with a bill?" he echoed. "Don't be an ass, Beeves. Don't be absurd. Must be a bird."

JOCK had just had a visit from an insurance agent and was talking it over with a friend.

"Queer chaps these insurance men," mused Jock.

"In what way?" asked his friend.

"Weel, they have to make ye believe ye may dee next week so that ye will take oot a policy wi' them. Then they have to make themselves believe ye will live for years before they will let ye take oot a policy."

THE scene was a railway carriage, and a friendly argument was in progress. One of the chief speakers, however, noticing a meek little man in the corner who had not, so far, said anything, asked:

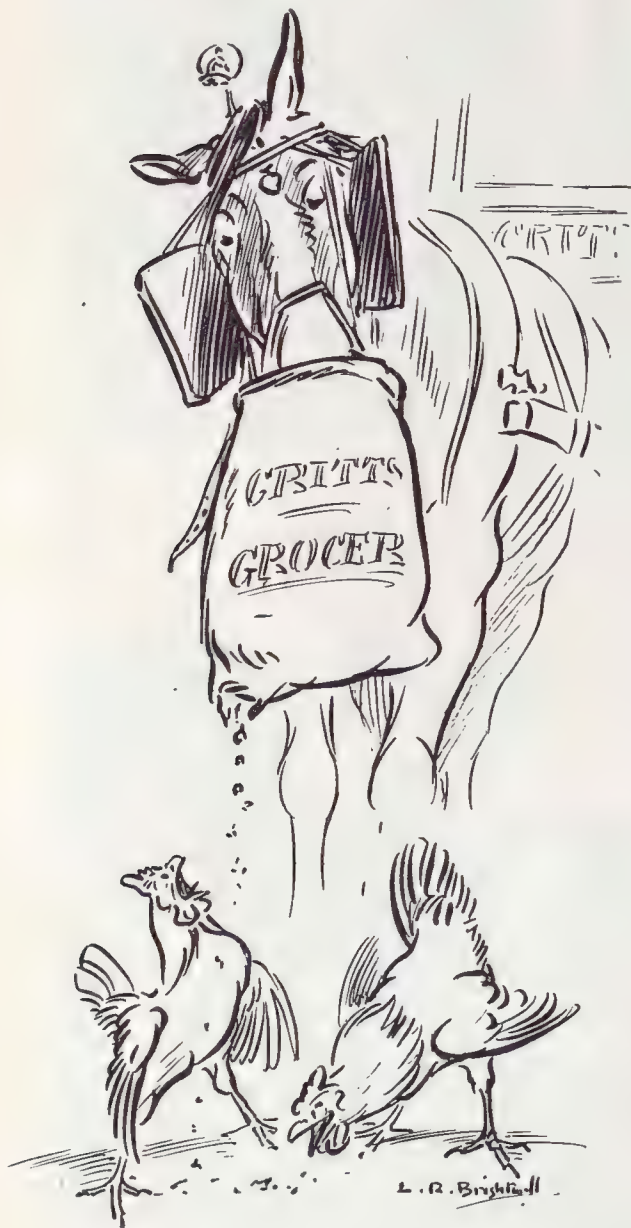
"Well, sir, and do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"

"Certainly not," said the little man, without a smile. "I don't believe in the survival of anybody. I'm an undertaker."

IN one of the large London stores a woman was seen holding up a Peke dog for a drink at one of the fountains. A department manager was informed of this and hurried to the scene.

"Madam," he said, "I must really protest! This fountain is for the use of customers."

The shopper replied airily, "Oh, really! I thought it was just for the employees!"



"Pardon me—but are you two gentlemen registered with us?"

THE drunk rang the doorbell at 3 a.m.

A sleepy-eyed man came to the door. "What do you want?" he mumbled.

"Are you Mr. Jones?" asked the drunk.

"No," returned the tenant, sleepily, "my name is Greenwood."

"Sure you're not Mr. Jones?" insisted the other.

"Of course not, you dope!" howled the irate tenant. "Didn't I just tell you my name is Greenwood?"

The drunk grew peeved.

"Oh, yeah?" he shouted. "Then why did you answer the doorbell?"



"Where did you sleep last?"

"You mean when!"



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Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET W1

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Parable

AN Enormously Rich Personage decided to build himself a shelter. It was to be 150 ft. under ground, with layers of reinforced concrete and steel superimposed. It was to have living-quarters and sleeping-quarters, anti-gas devices, heating, plumbing, drainage, and all other conveniences, including a built-in cinema. Food was to be stored within the shelter to last five years, and there were to be special devices for communicating with the outside world. In due course the shelter was built, and when the bombing of London began, the Enormously Rich Personage laughed faintly and deprecatingly and said that, after all, he had shown some foresight throughout his life, and that he must infer that some of his success was due to it.

If other people had not the foresight to build bomb-proof shelters, worse luck for them. He was going down to live in his, and come up when the war was over. It had been built, he added, according to expert advice, with the result that it was utterly impossible for those within it to be hurt, or, indeed, in any way inconvenienced by a bomb. Direct hits would have absolutely no effect. Gas would have no effect. With a parting word on the importance of being prepared for all eventualities, the Enormously Rich Personage went down through the eighteen-inch steel trap-door, stepped on the first flight of the special safety steel staircase, slipped, fell, and broke his neck. All of which, if I am not mistaken, shows that chance does have something to do with it, and that the idea that one should take every precaution against being hurt by bombs is excessive. There is measure in the matter, and a balance must be held between the amount of precaution which can be taken, and the amount that is sensible and expedient.

Picture

RANDOM bombing is a beastly business. I am glad that the Royal Air Force has never indulged in it, and I think that the *Luftwaffe* has permanently earned for itself the condemnation of all civilised people by resorting to it. But in no verbal condemnation has there been the force and poignancy of a photograph by Cecil Beaton which I chanced to see the other day in one of the illustrated newspapers. It showed a small child sitting up in bed, clutching a teddy bear of some sort, looking out on the world with a puzzled expression from under a bandaged head.

That photograph is a masterpiece, and I hope it achieves the widest possible circulation. In my ignorance, I had imagined that Cecil Beaton spent all his time photographing beautiful women in beautiful—if vague—surroundings. But this sudden stab to the heart is proof to the contrary. It is using the camera with supreme skill and understanding. It is condemning the German Air Force with

a directness and force that will not be denied. Children have been accidentally killed by both sides in this war, and in other wars; but the Nazi bombsters now

are making no pretence of avoiding killing them. Random bombing through clouds and in conditions of very low visibility is a criminal process. Cecil Beaton's picture drives the point home.

Travel

IT seems hard to visualise, but I suppose the day will come again when aviation will be used for transport. And there is this consolation, that the face of the world from the air will not change. The ravages of France in the war of 1914-18 were such that it seemed the country would never recover. I remember looking down on those tortured fields from the air and thinking that nothing could ever grow there again. Yet when I went out near the beginning of this present war there were those same fields which I had flown over in the last one, rich and productive once more. It is true that I did see parts which had never been reclaimed, and that was indeed tragic. But for the most part it had been found possible to coax the soil back to life and health again.

Great cities are rather different. The damage done to them by bombing is more spectacular than the damage done to the soil. Houses crash, great buildings are gutted. But when one looks at it rationally, one sees that the fundamental damage may be less than when a bomb falls in a field. In cities my view is that the only damage that bombing can do is damage to people. Damage to property simply does not matter. If we can keep the casualties down, the bombing of London or any other cities will be so much wasted effort. It is only the casualties that matter. Cities can always be rebuilt, and there is always a chance of improving them in the rebuilding. But their people must be protected, and that should be the sole aim and object of all our defence measures. Keep the people of the cities safe, and let the buildings go.

It is not the same in the factories on which we depend for our war effort. There, not only the people, but also the buildings and their contents are of value. Those, then, are the two objectives for our air defence: to protect the people in the cities and let the buildings go hang, and to protect both the people and the buildings and their contents in the war factories.

Ground Staffs

LET me once again here express the admiration everybody feels for the Royal Air Force ground staffs. They have had a very hard task recently. Their aerodromes have often been attacked, yet they have had to keep at their work. And they have done magnificently. The Royal Air Force flies on the ground. It is through good ground organisation that the flying is good. And the work on the ground must go on, no matter how trying the conditions. It has gone on.



NEWLY AWARDED D.F.C. AND HIS DOG, "HERO"—WELL-NAMED

Acting Flight Lieut. Jerrard Jefferies, who recently won the D.F.C., is a flight commander in the Czech fighter squadron of the Royal Air Force, led by R.A.F. personnel. He has destroyed four enemy aircraft and severely damaged two more. His determined leadership and skilful training have contributed largely to the success of his squadron. His home is at Leamington Spa



DUTCH PILOTS HELP THE ALLIED CAUSE

Men of the Royal Dutch Naval Air Service are assisting the R.A.F. in safeguarding British shores and escorting convoys bringing necessities to these islands. The aircraft are flown by Dutch pilots, and the service and maintenance are conducted by Dutch personnel. They are smart and efficient; wear uniforms similar to our Royal Navy, and have already done good work during the German invasion of their country. The Dutch Squadron Commander is seen giving final instructions to his pilots before they take off on an enterprise



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THE TATLER
SHORT STORY

IT PAYS TO PUBLICISE

By C. GORDON GLOVER

THE very day I heard that Clem Sandbach of Titan Pictures wanted to make a record-breaking "of-the-earth-earthy"

I got down to thinking. You have to think quick when you're up against it, and big, too, and every other kind of way if you don't want the slow-thinking high-ups to go on getting it all their own way.

I was up against it, and so was Dorothy. Dorothy, I should explain, was my partner, nothing more or less than that—agents for actors, that was us.

"Clem'll want stars," I said, "rough ones with gritty faces that'll look well against skylines pushing ploughs around."

She looked at me very hard, and I looked at her. "I know just what he'll want," said Dorothy.

"Then we'll go and find 'em," I said.

"We certainly will," said Dorothy.

I won't go beating around the bush. We found Clem Sandbach his first star in forty-eight hours. There he was, leaning up against the counter of a four-ale bar down in Suffolk, a great brown brute of a man with a chin like a ploughshare, crisp black hair and eyes as soft as a cow's.

"How'd you like to go into pictures?" I asked him.

"What—them things with stars?" he demanded.

"Yes, and be a star yourself. Ever acted?"

He shook his head, and I told him, "You could. Of course you could. Any fool can act if he's told how, and telling faces like yours how is the job of the people I want you to meet."

"What me act on the films?" he said.

"Yes, just that. Earn your present year's wages in a week."

"I ain't got wages," he said, "I only been here twenty-four hours, and you come along talking this stuff."

The others in the four-ale stood around with their mouths open. "Out of work, eh?" I said, "then what could be easier? Stick around for a day or two and expect to hear from me."

I got back to town and told Dorothy. "Dorothy," I said, "he's grand, he's too good, a voice like honey bees and hair on end with amazement. If he can't be built into the world's greatest yokel star I'll eat my hat."

I got through to Titan Pictures for Clem Sandbach. This wasn't easy. They'd never heard of Dorothy and me. They said so. "Well, you've heard now," I told them, "and if you don't give Mr. Sandbach the chance to do the same he'll be eating you all alive in the next forty-eight hours, mark my words."

Well, to cut a long story short I got through to the great man at last. "Who?" he said, "never heard of you—write me about it and forget to post it."

I said very slowly, "Mr. Sandbach, you are about to make a picture called *Loam*. The papers are full of it. It's going to be the greatest picture of the rude earth ever made. We all know that. But it needs one thing that you know, too. It needs a new star who's the real stuff, and I just called you up to let you know that I happen to have him, that's all."

"Eh?" said Clem Sandbach.

"You heard," I said. "Now when are you coming down to Suffolk to see him?"

"I'm not," said Clem Sandbach.

"Just as you please, but if you won't, then I'll tell you who will."

"Who's that?"

"Just your old friend Oscar Stein, that's all. They say he's all fixed to do *Earthly Ties* at any moment. Quite the rage these peasant pictures just now. Well—so long—"

"Hold on—wait. I'll come. Who'd you say you were?"

"Pat Stammers of the All-Star Agency—where do we meet?"

"I'll pick you up nine sharp tomorrow, and if you're selling me a ham I'll break your neck."

I put down the receiver and mopped myself. "He fell," I told Dorothy. "Now it's up to Reuben."

Reuben, I should explain, was the name of my find—Reuben Haylock. Too good to be true? But he was true all right. All the way down in the car I stared through the fog of Sandbach's cigar smoke, seeing that wiry hair and that rough chin. And the eyes—could he, well directed, make love with those eyes?

We stopped outside the "Five Bells," and in we went. There was Reuben leaning against the counter anchored to a pint of mild. He stared at us sullenly.

"Reuben," I said, "this is Mr. Sandbach, the motion picture director I wanted you to meet. He's making a great new picture called *Loam*, and he reckons you might make out all right in it."

"Why me?" said Reuben.

"Because you've got the face and the voice, because you're the stuff of this sort of picture—isn't he, Mr. Sandbach?"

Old Sandbach grunted. "I don't know what he can do," he said. But I could see that he was interested. That face had got him. "What can you do?" he demanded. "Ever acted?"

"No," said Reuben. "but I'm out of a job and I'd do anything."

We swallowed our drinks and went outside. "I think you've got something," said Sandbach. "I'll have Peterson take a test—can you see him with the plough in his hands?"

Well, to cut a long story short, Reuben got his test, and he went through it sailing. He hadn't an idea in his head, but he did what he was told. He was like a lump of putty. Sandbach's eyes glittered. "I never met you in my life before," he said to me, "but I give it you that I'm glad I did now—let's talk."

We talked. We talked Reuben Haylock till the sun came up. We fixed Reuben Haylock at \$150 a week for the picture, and a three-year contract. And next afternoon we got him into the office to tell him so.

"So you see," I explained, "you do what you're told, and you play opposite Nita Meyerling—"

"What—that film star?" said Reuben.

"Yes, the Nita Meyerling—"

"Not me, I don't," said Reuben. "You don't get me making love to her sort. I'll make love to my Mandy or to nobody at all, and that's flat. If my Mandy don't come into this, then I'm off."

"Who the heck's Mandy?" demanded Clem Sandbach.

"She's my girl, and if she don't get on the films with me—"

"Send for her," shouted Clem. "Maybe she can play your sister."

Mandy arrived next day. She was a gawky girl with a straw hat and a sweet enough face, and she clung to Reuben's arm and stared. Sandbach gave her one look and said no good, not even as a sister part. Reuben stuck out his chin. I said to him in an undertone not to be a darned fool—he and Mandy could live like kings and queens when he was through in three years. I looked hard at Mandy, and thought about her.

"Don't have her in a gift," I whispered to Sandbach. Sandbach said he wouldn't, told Reuben he could take it or leave it, and if he didn't like making love to Nita there were others not so particular.

"I wouldn't stand in your way, dear," said Mandy. "In fact, I'd like you to do it—honest I would."

Reuben hitched his trousers, and blew his nose, and said all right he'd go through with it, and the next thing we all knew was that Mandy Russett had been hired by Oscar Stein for the farm girl lead in *Earthly Ties*.

Now don't misunderstand me when I say this wasn't my doing. I couldn't help Oscar getting wind of my getting wind of Reuben, could I? You'd have thought that Reuben, moreover, would have been grateful, but not he.

"My girl making an exhibition of herself," he roared. "You're behind this, I'll be bound—exploiting 'er, that's what you're up to."

Well, one wouldn't deny that, and one wouldn't try to deny the story that the morning sheets somehow got hold of next day. Dorothy phoned it through to me when I was still in bed. The headlines went, if I remember rightly, "Rustic Lovers Become Film Stars Overnight—They'll Make Love To Other Pair."

There followed a keen-as-mustard story about Reuben and Mandy, culminating with Reuben fulminating in quotes, and Mandy saying that a person's career came before private considerations, and that she and Kenneth Speer, her opposite number in the picture, were the best of friends and nothing more.

Clem Sandbach called me up later in the day. "This," he said, "strikes me as being terrific—the whole town's talking about my picture."

"And Oscar's," I said.

"I can take that," said Clem. "He never could make pictures anyway. Now what?"

I shrugged. There didn't seem to be anything to say. Though Reuben, I pointed out, was surely very much his pigeon now.

The story about the rustic lovers parted through the screen, each paired off with a well-known film star, lasted quite a while. At least a week. And at the end of that Reuben laid down his hayfork on location in Lincolnshire and struck work.

He was sick, he said, of standing around on skylines, clumping along flowery lanes and being bawled out by people who thought they knew how a countryman *should* clump along a lane. "What's more," said Reuben gruffly, "if Mandy don't stop doing whatever she's doing I'm not sticking this for another moment."

(Continued on page 68)



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SIR CECIL WEIR, executive member of the British Fur Trade Export Group, recently opened a display worth over £100,000 of fur coats, capes and wraps at the Hudson Bay Company's showrooms in the City of London. They are being sent to Canada. The object is to develop export trade in order to provide exchange for war supplies. They had been chosen by an independent panel of Canadian and London experts

The Highway of Fashion

by

M. E. Brooke

STANDING out with prominence in the collection are the wraplets pictured. On the left above is a model carried out in wallaby. This is a fur about which little has been heard recently; it is particularly soft and flattering. The other is a study in black and white. There were coats of ermine, mink, and lamb, and then there were others of ocelot and rabbit. The skins of the latter were treated in an exceptionally clever manner



FOOTWEAR which bears the name of Joyce is smart, practical and comfortable. In the centre of the group is a Resta Calf boot lined with baby lamb. The sole is of special light rubber. A suede country shoe is seen on the left with rubber sole and mudguard. Serrated edges are an important feature of the model on the right with its wedge sole



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like this make amends..."

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OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD

FACTS No. 11

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ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

One-pot Meal

It is perfectly easy to have good hot meals without much heat in cooking. The following dish is a particularly appetising and useful one. Cut into convenient pieces 2 lbs. of any stewing meat, such as skirt of beef, ox-cheek or shin of beef and put in a casserole. Add a teacupful of rice, 2 or 3 carrots, an onion and a piece of swede, all sliced. Season with salt and pepper and add a bay leaf if liked. Pour in enough hot water to cover and top with slices of raw potato. Put on the lid and cook in the oven at the lowest possible heat for at least 5 hours. If you don't want to use the oven, put the covered casserole into a large saucepan with boiling water coming as far up the sides of the casserole as possible. Put on the saucepan lid and cook over a glimmer of heat for at least 3 hours, replenishing the boiling water if necessary.

Carried Meal

The carried meal can be made attractive if you give thought to it, and sandwiches are apt to

become monotonous. Delicious and satisfying meals can be made in little fireproof dishes or basins, and if the contents are firm enough, these can easily be carried. Here are two suggestions: Shepherd's Pie with a good covering of grated breadcrumbs, and a layer of chutney on the bottom of the dish if liked; or Kedgeree made with rice and canned salmon. Both these dishes may be heated up, but they are very good cold, too. If possible eat them with a little salad.

Hints on Storing Potatoes

Anyone can store potatoes successfully provided these rules are observed:

1. The potatoes *must* be dry. Dig them in fine weather and leave them on the surface to dry for a few hours. If necessary complete drying under cover and in the dark.
2. Store in boxes or sacks in a frostproof building. All light must be excluded to prevent the potatoes from greening. Cover them with sacking or a thick layer of straw or bracken.

Turn on your wireless at
8.15 every morning to hear
useful hints and recipes

The Way of the War—(Continued from page 38)

If Hitler is determined to use Spain and Spanish Morocco as a platform for an expedition into Africa he will have to invade and occupy the entire country. In no other way could he safeguard his new long lines of communication. The Spaniards do not like foreigners—even Germans, whom they tend to admire. No doubt Hitler could take Spain from within; for his Gestapo has been establishing itself in the country by the thousand during the past few years. None the less it does mean another military operation—with an army which is bored, but nervous. Since this last statement may be questioned I should explain that the nervous state of the German army results largely from lack of news as to the fate of families at home under the R.A.F. bombardment. So much we know.

Moscow and the Triangle

Ribbentrop was already appointed Ambassador to Britain when the anti-Comintern Pact, which he had devised, came to fruition. Such was his pride in this diplomatic instrument that he hastened back to Berlin to officiate in the ceremonies of signature. Already he had put up the backs of many people in this country, but utilizing his first ambassadorial contact with the Press to explain to Britain that she ought to join with Germany is holding down Russia.

Since then, of course, everything is different. The circumstances are old history. So old, in terms of German pacts, that one could accept as perfectly natural that Ribbentrop should now be boasting of having transformed the Nippon-German anti-Communist pact into a triangular offensive military alliance which could threaten Russia no less than the United States. As I write there is talk of a new meeting between Ribbentrop and Molotov; though a little tug of war is proceeding as to which of the parties is the mountain and which Mohammed.

It may be useful to have in mind, none the less, that while Russia has an air fleet probably larger today than that of Germany if obsolescent in types, Moscow has no intention of becoming involved in war with any major power. For that reason it is not impossible that the Soviets may be induced to adhere to the new pact for co-ordinating the operations of the totalitarian gangs. This will call for a watchful eye in London and Washington.

So far it has been fashionable to explain that Japan stands to gain nothing by joining the triangular alliance. But if that be the case why should Prince Konoye's Government have signed on the dotted line? Is it not possible that Moscow could, after all, be induced to come to terms with Tokyo on a basis which would ensure that the Soviet of East Asia can be assured against war with Japan. If that were realized then Japan could go ahead with her own aggressive expansionism without fear and with added confidence in the quick success over China which she now urgently requires. American diplomacy would be well advised to see the situation in that light and turn to account the good, if not obvious, relations she maintained between Washington and Moscow during recent months. A private exchange of views between those two capitals might be more fruitful at the present time than talks initiated from London.

Social Round-About—(Continued from page 44)

inhabit it. The male heirs have not lapsed, neither has the lease, which comfortably remains, a great improvement, as part possession, on the fabulous expense of retaining a freehold one.

People's Movements

Miss Theodora Benson was out bomb-dodging on Saturday, wearing a lovely big fox coat. Mr. Terence Rattigan, who had such a wonderful success with "French Without Tears," which he followed with a kind of recipe for nostalgia called, so far as I remember, "After the Ball," is now in the R.A.F.

Another playwright and novelist, Keith Winter, who wrote "The Rats of Norway" and "The Shining Hour" is in the U.S. Also Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard and Christopher Wood, who are all in California furthering the chances of mysticism as a solution for world problems. This tendency was foreshadowed in parts of Aldous Huxley's last novel, "After Many a Summer," and was the whole theme of Gerald Heard's "Pain, Sex and Time," which I read with enormous interest when living in Sheffield, which is a place which encourages one to welcome any theory as alternative to reality.

Débutantes are rather in the twilight, but I have pre-war sounding news of one young woman who has fifty bottles of nail varnish, which must seem a responsibility when one thinks of what a mess a bomb could make with them.

Lord Morven Bentinck, second son of the Duke of Portland, is one of the Balloon Barrage boys, living in a hut in the North of England.

Michael Balcon, the film director who made *Convoy*, is married to Nova Pilbeam, and has a brother called Hallam Tennyson (both names are picturesque: which is assumed?—Presumably one must be, if they are really brothers) who, with a nice friend called Fenwick Owen, is taking the advantage, or disadvantage, of living, or camping, in a disused house.

King Zog of Albania was sitting beneath the electric bulb that signifies the ons and offs of the air raid alarms in a famous bar. Queen Geraldine was with him, also all his sisters, and various Ministers Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. His Majesty looked a little bored. Bars are very uncertain sources of bliss.

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It Pays to Publicise—(Continued from page 62)

"You'll stick it, my lad," shouted Clem Sandbach, "and like it.—you're under contract."

"I don't know what you think you can do about it," said Reuben, and he picked up his pitchfork again—in a different kind of way.

Clem started, "Now listen, Reuben, don't let's get each other wrong—"

Reuben said, "I'm stopping, and that's flat."

And he stopped. And there was a brand new story about Clem Sandbach's monster production waiting the pleasure of a love-sick lot. Reuben's picture glowered out under the headlines.

I rang Nita Meyerling. "Listen," I said, "you've got to get that ham back on the set—you can if any one can."

"What me? Touch him when it's not in a cash contract? You're wasting your time," said Nita. "Let him get back to his barnyard—that kind never was any good in pictures anyway."

"Just think of Oscar's picture going ahead," I said, "Just think of that—released with a new star six weeks ahead of you."

"All right," said Nita, "I'll try."

She had Reuben to heel somehow or other in about three days. Their picture coming out of the Provençal Grill after lunch was all over the picture pages in twenty-four hours. Reuben was grinning sheepishly. "I made a mistake," he stated publicly, "Miss Meyerling has been so kind to me. It was the unfamiliar life. I'm going back into the picture to work very hard."

Then a very strange thing indeed began to happen. My Reuben Haylock, my star of the hedgerow, hero of *Loam* began to work very hard at something apart from the picture. He began to work very hard at going around with Nita Meyerling. They drove to the set together, and they drove away from it. He took her places, and they did things. He came out in evening dress, and he seemed, to every one's relief, to have forgotten the very existence of Mandy Russett.

Indeed, it seemed that the whole fantastic business had dropped right into the background, until it all boiled to a head in the corner of Pirelli's Restaurant at about one o'clock in the morning.

We were having a little party—Dorothy and me and Nita and Reuben, and we were talking quietly of this and that when the door from the foyer opened and in came Mandy. She looked very fine indeed in a fox cape half-way to her knees, but I didn't care for the look in her eyes at all.

"Hullo, Mandy!" I said.

"I've had enough of you," said Mandy, "and as for you, take that."

"That" was the flat of Mandy's hand on Reuben's face. There was a very strange silence in Pirelli's for a second or two, and in the middle of it Mandy said very distinctly, "I'm sick of you, and you, and you, and the whole lot of you—Reuben and me was happy before all this happened, and now look at him, dolled up and going around everywhere with *you* . . ." and she looked fierce as a leopard at Nita. "So," went on Mandy, "I'm finished—finished with the whole thing. That's all."

Well, what would you? "Film Actor's Face Slapped in West End Restaurant—Nita Meyerling in Angry Scene." And below it a column rehash of the whole Mandy-Reuben story.

It only had to happen for Mandy to vanish and be hauled back by Kenneth Speer for the circle to be complete—or for Reuben to vanish, and the pair of them make it up in a cottage on thirty-two and sixpence per week.

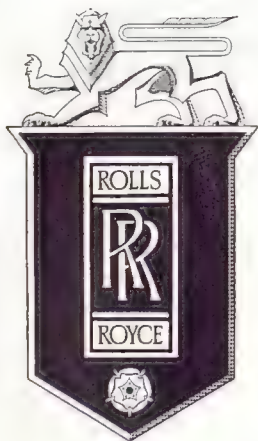
Well, it turned out that the first thing happened. Kenneth ran Mandy to earth in the West Highlands, dragged her back to the set and got her to work again. And now it seemed that everything had to be for the very best, with the pictures going steadily on in the making, and Dorothy and I sitting pretty on agency fees for the rest of our days. And in the end, of course, either Reuben and Mandy getting married, or Mandy and Kenneth and Reuben and Nita.

But it didn't happen quite like that. What did happen was that the pictures were finished within a week of each other and launched with a fan faronade. Did the public pay to see those two stars from the farmyard? It certainly did.

But Reuben and Mandy did not get married, nor Mandy and Kenneth, nor Nita and Reuben. Dorothy and I had to give the winning story of the lot by marrying at judicious intervals the two new stars.

Not that it was really necessary, since we'd been married to the two hams for years and years, and they and we were all sick at their bunning around in amateur shows. But we went through the business for the look of the thing—just as we all went through the other business for the profit of it.

THE END



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